

27/Jan/44

~~North~~ ~~Bradford~~,  
as an ~~important~~ <sup>important</sup> ~~part~~ <sup>part</sup> of the ~~city~~ <sup>city</sup> of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~English~~ <sup>English</sup>  
~~Representative of the Provincial Town of the North~~

I have described Nantes as a town of many virtues.  
I feel that much yet remains to be said on the  
subject. In the first place, though the Bank  
Holiday Act & the early closing movement have  
in some ways given the English clerk, artisan,  
& labourer an advantage over his French fellows  
in others the latter are by far the most privileged  
of the two. As is to be expected in a democratic  
country instruction & amusement are  
more equally distributed. . . . Our  
workmen get higher wages & more holidays,  
but alas! of what avail are these without  
the opportunities of fitly employing them? . . .  
"The French workman, - why should  
not the English do so? - does really  
improve the opportunities of instruction  
held out to him, & will freely seize upon  
intellectual amusement & recreation  
if put in his way" . . . . .

"The principle of centralization does not exist  
to anything like the same extent as it  
does. If we want to read at a library or  
study a certain science, we have to go to London,  
but at Nantes, a city of 118,000 + odd  
inhabitants, we find every opportunity of  
instruction the ordinary student may require."

from A Year in Western France.

by Mr. Nathan Edwards.

We have ventured to cite this passage <sup>because</sup> ~~from~~  
the Author's ~~own~~ <sup>discriminating & charming</sup> ~~notice~~ <sup>account</sup>  
of the cities ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~constitute~~ <sup>constitute</sup> of Western France <sup>with</sup>  
a most interesting question. ~~It is left~~

then into a gentle wave-like crest - you may count at least a dozen - each of itself reaching away from you to the dark points on the back-ground, each ridge higher than the last; everything more like a billowy sea of mountains it is impossible to imagine: then all the smooth dip of the breadth, the long billow, the wave-like crest - in the very act - to break - magically transfigured & transfigured into stable land. You look round in vain for a dwelling or even a tree to break the illusion; a few "laiths", sparsely scattered groups of cattle are the only signs of human occupation.

The Ribble itself plays but an insignificant part in this fine panorama - (a feeble stream between low, flat, rocky banks.)

Recently you are at Ribbleshead, where there is a solitary inn, where the lover of moor & mountain may have the world to himself; may breathe such air as one gets at the Hallthorpe; & may see the sun make a sudden plunge behind Wharfedale which fills the western horizon - a long huge mass which brings you to the world's end - for what can there be behind that mighty wall?

Wharfedale commands the situation here: Peneghent, dwindled into insignificance, is behind you: Epsleybury is close within a stone's throw it seems, but it is oddly dwarfed into its neatest, most compact little hill which, <sup>kind</sup> you <sup>can't</sup>

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could ascend in ten minutes & walk round in  
ten minutes more, edged with a top as straight  
as if it had been levelled with a ruler.

One sees in all the greater heights the platform  
formation which Ruskin notices in the Alps.  
Wernicke rises tier above tier, but you may  
look at the mountains without noticing the  
fact - because the table on one platform comes  
pretty near the edge of the last - But the top table  
of Ingleborough is planted some way from  
the edge & surrounded by a sharply marked  
terrace, hence this mountain has a more  
distinct form than any other of the chain.  
Its curious dwarfed aspect - no jets at top  
Bubblehead is due to the fact - that the observer is  
at a great elevation, but his standpoint  
appears to abut against Ingleborough leaving  
out of view the valley which gawns between.

There, in that peat-moss at your feet; is one  
source of the Bubble, & further off, in the wilds  
known as Dodd Fell, is another source. Neither  
of them interesting to behold; indeed, there  
are innumerable sources, for many springs  
to form each. But there are no bubbling  
sparkling springs sending forth babbling  
brooks; they are simply the over-flow of the  
surcharged moss, which works out a way  
for itself through the peat, & looks pretty much  
like a cutting for drainage purposes.

A short tramp over the spongy moss will  
bring you to the source of the Wharfe, & a long  
tramp to those of the Aire. The walking is not delightful  
but you are in the most guide & hollow moor, barren  
unpleasant. Keched with cloud shadows which lie like

as though by some  
from Indian like mist  
some with Indian  
from Indian like mist



# Sketches in Yorkshire: Historical & Descriptive.

## Horton in Ribblesdale.

Leaving the <sup>wooded</sup> ~~forest~~ & fertile tawny in which  
Settle lies, ~~we follow~~ we follow the Ribbles up  
into the bare moorlands: here the clustered  
trees are sparsely scattered; the wide, heaving  
moors swell on all sides; ~~of yew & holly~~  
you are, ~~on a sudden~~ regular as an artificial  
transport, as the mountains, the backbone of  
the <sup>northern</sup> ~~English~~ Ribbles itself, here, is not picturesque. A  
broad shallow bed full of shingle shows  
what the river is in flood but today a  
narrow beck creeps stealthily through the  
broad channel. On either hand are pastures  
friendly green 'foss' - the second greenery  
upstream which the land is usually measured.  
A notice-board stating that the Horton in Ribbles  
fishery is preserved indicates trout; but nothing  
an over-hanging cliff or stretch of wooded bank  
is here to tempt the angler who has a soul for  
more than trout.

cold-  
Your eye is caught by a quaint grey village  
in the heart of the valley, <sup>out of</sup> ~~from~~ which rises  
the mouldering tower of a grey old church. This  
is Horton: the church is worth a visit, & the  
vicar is worth interviewing. He does not  
see why circular arch, & round & octagonal  
pillars & fragments of zig-zag & tooth moulding  
should

should indeed give more than the last of the  
appropriate chance at the oak seats which form  
part of the recent restoration. You cannot  
escape the name of 'Foster' window, recessed  
screen, <sup>for the credit of</sup> ~~drawn up~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~made to contribute in any~~  
~~other~~ <sup>of the</sup> reasons of the family. "I'ould  
man, (the late Mr. Foster) said if 't'wae melled  
wi' at a' it shud be gotten up wi' oak, &  
Mrs Foster, she never reced till 't'wae a'  
dore wi' good oak. She got - t' money.  
'twae over a thousand' poun'." He apologues  
for a rude Norman font: - "Ther shud a'  
bin a new one but some of t'folks wouldnt  
have it: - 't' mason wae rough wi't; Twae  
a' plastered, & he broke t' stone in gettin' t' off.  
"No, there's not much jus' t'folks lads;  
Ther's mostly sarvents, (i.e. farm-labourers),  
they mend twa's, & look after t' bees & t' sheep,  
but it's hard work to get a livin'; & in  
t' winter when all that (pointing to the wide  
stretch of swelling moor) is under snow,  
it's a dree place to bide in."  
"I' visitors com mostly in t' shottin' season.  
A day on t' moors is hard work; I've tramp'd  
many a mile wi' t' sportsman after t' grouse.  
Ther wae an ould chap lived in yon house  
could ca' the birds. I've fore up wi' him for  
they wae awake in the mornin'; & we had  
oursen in a ha', when he would say just like  
on



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not - as if it rested with parents to choose whether  
they shall educate their children or not. The word is  
inadequate; indeed, we have neither word nor phrase  
to express all that is included in education;  
but the fact is constant: parents can no more  
cease from educating their children than  
they can cease from taking breath. A harsh  
word, a kiss, a picture, a flower, are so much  
education; parents cannot choose but  
educate their children, but they ~~can~~ choose how  
they will do it. And face to face with all that  
must come of education, for better or worse, few  
parents will be satisfied with the casual way  
in which it is easiest to bring up children.  
Mrs. Sinclair, a charming young mother, says  
naively, "I don't think mothers ought to teach their  
own children: they will <sup>any</sup> be wiser, when you  
let cross, when they don't care for you any  
more!" She is quite consistent. She & her children  
are always sweet together. She lets them have  
their own way, with the tacit understanding that  
if they are 'wiser' they will be left with their  
nurses. They are lovely children, show little  
flattering worldly-wise arts by which they make  
themselves pleasant to outsiders, & except  
for trouble in the nursery, which comes to nothing  
they dance & swim through life with no  
more training than if they were company of  
J. B. <sup>street</sup> ~~Parsons's~~ valets. Later, circumstances will  
lick them into shape, but they can always  
fall back on the shipy-ways of their childhood,  
& seem as good as the occasion requires.  
The

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The world will never be much the better for the little sinclairs, they can hardly become better than their parents, & unless lips deal harshly with them, they will almost-certainly be worse; more selfish, more slothful, more false.

But few parents are on lines of personal vanity & indolence. Parents love their children & labor for them, but they must work according to knowledge & the incapable, inconsequent, ineffectual human beings with whom the world is flooded are commonly the direct-product of the un-~~instructed~~ parental love in which we plume ourselves.

Those of us who have had any hand in technical training, or in preparing young persons for any special calling